

15485, 1770

THE
Honest ELECTORS;
OR, THE
Courtiers sent back with their Bribes,
A New BALLAD
O P E R A.
Of Three ACTS.

Dedicated to the Worthy Liverymen
of the City of *London*.

*A Patriot both the King and Country serves :
Prerogative, and Priviledge preserves :
Patriots in peace assert the People's Right ;
With noble Stubborness resisting Might :
No Lawless Mandates from the Court receive ;
Nor lend by Force, but in a Body give.*

DRYDEN.

L O N D O N:

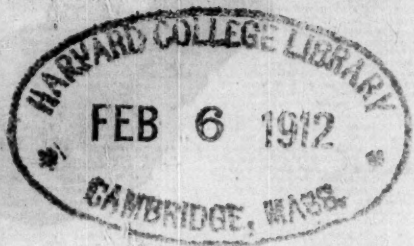
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Ernest L. Gary,
Boston.

ROUTED JAN 22 1913



To the Worthy

Livery Men of the City of *London*

Gentlemen,



He following sheets
claim your Pro-
tection on Account
of the subject.
Your opulent ex-
tensive City could never submit
to be Frenchified, nor its Inha-
bitants to wear wooden Shoes.
London, the Metropolis of
this Kingdom, stood boldly up
against the pernicious Scheme,
of

DEDICATION.

of Excise, and though the Merchants were stiled Sturdy Beggars by a nefarious Projector, yet he was forced to drop his favourite Bill, and let the Merchants carry their Point triumphant. The worthy Representatives, of your Great City, boldly opposed the Project, and some gave such convincing and cogent Arguments as prevailed, and will be recorded to posterity.

The Dissolution of the late Parliament, gives you a fresh Opportunity of Conferring your Favours on those whom you shall judge to deserve them. Party Distinctions are intirely

DEDICATION.

lain aside, by men of Sense, and tis to be hoped, your Illustrious City will chuse such Members, as have well behaved themselves, and are known Friends to our Constitution. Such Men will exert themselves in the cause of Liberty, will be watchfull of your Priviledges, and oppose any Innovations.

I am

Gentlemen,

Your Well-wisher, and

Obedient Servant.

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Dramatis Personæ.

Lord *Exile*, a Nobleman in Disgrace, and no
Friend to Sir *Positive Screenall*.

Mr. William Worthy, his Friend.

Sir *Positive Screenall*, a conceited, foolish, blun-
dering M——r.

Lord *Challenge*,
Sir *William Old*,
Harry *Foolish*, } his three Friends.

Sir *John Stedfast*,
Alderman *Custom*,
Alderman *Banker*,
Mr. *Small-acres*, } Four-Members.

Ladies, Citizens, Gentlemen, Servants, Mob, &c.

THE



INTRODUCTION.



SCENE *Fleetstreet.*

Two Citizens meeting.

1. *Citizen.*



O Neighbour ; well met,
where are you going to
spend your Evening.

2. *Cit.* I have been taking
a Walk to *Islington* this Af-
ternoon, having little or
nothing to do, and am
going to spend the Evening in *Viller's-Street*!

1. *Cit.* Why so far from Home ? Do
you belong to any Club there ?

2. *Cit.* No ; but I am going to see a
new Opera at the great Room there, and
B should

should be glad of your Company if you are at Leisure : I'll present you with a Ticket.

1. *Cit.* I thank you, Sir, and accept your kind Proffer. But pray, as you say 'tis a new Opera, how comes it pass it was not play'd at one of the Houses.

2. *Cit.* Why you know the Players at *Dru-ry-Lane* are mutinous, and the best of those who belong'd to *Covent-Garden* House are gone to *Ireland* to learn Modesty, so that it was resolv'd by the Author to have this Opera perform'd by a Company of his own choosing.

1. *Cit.* Pray what is the Title.

2. *Cit.* *The Freeholders Opera: Or, The Courtiers sent back with their Bribes.*

1. *Cit.* The Title is *apropos* to the Times.

2. *Cit.* I have heard it rehears'd and like it very well, as I belive you will, when you see it.

1. *Cit.* Are they about Beginning?

2. *Cit.* I believe so : Pray walk in, I hear the Overture a playing.





THE
Honest FREEHOLDERS:
OR, THE
Courtiers sent back with their Bribes.



ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Lord Exile, and William Worthy.

Lord EXILE.



HAT a blundering Fellow is this old *Skreenall*; he endeavours, I think, to make Matters worse, and presumes to bully the Nation, and skreen himself by turning all (if he could) worthy Men out of their Places near him.

Wor. I believe he is quite Mad about his late *Excise* Schemes being defeated, and
B 2 the

the Abhorrence all People have shown to it, without any Regard to Party Distinctions, or Differences in Religion.

Exile. And yet notwithstanding all this, the Scheme is still pursued, and the Projector hath declared his Resolution to make an Attempt upon their Representatives to put them under his Yoke.

Wor. Then every Freeholder and Elector ought to be upon his Guard the more, and to consider what next Elections may produce, for should the M---y get a Parliament of their own, it would be out of the People's Power to remedy themselves for another seven Years.

Exile. And then, having been so long us'd to Slavery. they will, Camel like, lie down with their Burden.

Wor. I hope I shall never see that Time; but that as the People have been so lately caution'd, they will take care with whom they trust their Power, Laws, and Liberties.

A I R I. Come let us prepare.

*I believe the Excise
Has now open'd their Eyes,
'And shew'd them what's Skreenall's Design;
That damn'd Project so laid,
To have ruin'd all Trade,
Begun with Tobacco and Wine.*

If

*If those two had been gain'd,
 Without doubt we'd been drain'd
 Of our Liberty, Trade and our Pence;
 When thus robb'd and made poor,
 Then we all may be sure,
 He soon with the Laws wou'd dispence.*

Exile. No doubt, if the Projector carry'd his Point for Tobacco and Wine, Sugar and every Thing else had undergone the same Fate, and we by Degrees been as much Slaves to Tools in Power, as our Neighbours the *French*, who wou'd be glad to see

The haughty Britons hug their Chains.

Wor. As yet it happens unluckily for the Projector, that all of them who are not visibly sway'd by Interest, are united in their Opinion of the Scheme, and their Opposition to it.

Exile. Therefore I hope they will set a Mark upon every Man who appears in a certain List, as an Enemy to their Trade and Liberties, and make Choice of those only in whom they have Reason to confide, either from former Services, or their known Characters in the World.

A I R II. To Arms, to Arms, to Arms.

*For Trade your Voices now display,
Now put the Guilty all away:
The Oracle's for Liberty;
Success depends on your Fidelity.
Britons strike home, revenge your Country's
Wrong;
Vote and record yourselves in endless Songs.*

Wor. I am very glad the odious Appellation of *Whig* and *Tory* are swallowed up; there's no Distinction now but *Court* and *Country*, the latter of which I hope will carry the Day.

Exile. No doubt of it, if they exert themselves.

Wor. By opposing that Power which is so much abused.

A I R III. I wonder that *Billey* should prove,

*How fatal is Power when trusted with those
Who strive to disturb a Kingdom's Repose,
They trample on Laws and break thro' all Right,
Are Satyrs by Day and Devils by Night.*

Exile. I don't envy Sir *Positive* his Station at all, nor would I be so deservedly hated

hated as he : My Retirement suits me best.

A I R IV. Country Farmer.

*I envy not the Proud their Wealth,
Their Equipage and State ;
Give me but Innocence and Health,
I ask not to be Great.*

*I in this sweet Retirement find
A Joy unknown to Kings,
For Scepters to a virtuous Mind,
Seem vain and empty Things.*

*Great Cincinnatus at his Plough
With brighter Lustre shone,
Than guilty Cæsar e'er cou'd do,
Tho' seated on a Throne.*

*Tumultuous Days and restless Nights
Ambition ever knows,
A Stranger to the calm Delights
Of Study and Repose.*

*Then free from Envy, Care and Strife,
Permit me heav'nly Powers,
To pass retir'd the rest of Life,
And crown with Peace my Hours.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Tavern. Several Citizens at a Table drinking, Drawer, &c.

1. *Cit. taking a Glass.*] Come Neighbours, put the Glass about, the Wine is good; what do you all think of a Health to the glorious Two hundred and Four.

Omnes. With all our Hearts.

[They fill round and drink, and give three Huzza's.

2. *Cit.* I wish some-body would give us a Song suitable to the Occasion.

3. *Cit.* I will with all my Heart, but it is a short one.

4. *Cit.* No matter for that, if it is Pithy.

A I R V. Here's to thee, my Boy.

*Here's a Health, if you please,
(But all down on your Knees)
To the glorious Two hundred and Four,
Who stood up so tight,
For Briton's true Right
For whom Ages have Blessings in store.*

1. *Cit.* The Courtiers are pretty busy already about their Elections, and begin Bribery

bery betimes, but no Money shall stick to my Fingers on that Account; I'll vote according to my Conscience.

2. *Cit.* I have had no less than four Letters already, to desire my Vote and Interest; but I am determin'd against all those who would enslave their Country.

3. *Cit.* I hope we are all agreed in that Point: But pray, Neighbours, why were not the *South-Sea* Affairs enquir'd into? I heard much Talk of it at one time.

4. *Cit.* Because a Set of Gentlemen, who have nothing about them Innocent but their Sleeves, were order'd by the Grand Master of Translations to vote against it.

3. *Cit.* Were they all of one Side?

4. *Cit.* No; there was one honest one;
Raris avis in Terris.

A I R VI. *Diogenes* furly and proud,

*Religion's a politick Law,
Devised by the Prigs of the School,
To keep the dull Rabble in awe,
And amuse the poor ignorant Fool.*

*Or why should not B——'s do good,
According to Conscience give vote;
The Reason is soon understood,
That they have their Lessons by rote.*

2. *Cit.* 'Tis very true; a Person must needs think very meanly of the Flocks who have such Shepherds: 'Tis the Lives and Morals of some People, who ought to set good Examples, that has occasion'd, in a great Measure, the Growth of Infidelity.

1. *Cit.* Very true. But how can we help ourselves ?

3. *Cit.* Why, by a vigorous Opposition to the bad Measures now taken, and by getting an honest Set of Members, that we may have a Convocation, and have some of their Doctrines exploded, and then we shall have some Men of Learning amongst our spiritual Directors.

4. *Cit.* My Faith is not pinn'd on their Sleeves so long as I do what is right, and consistent with the strict Rules of Morality, I think myself safe.

2. *Cit.* I believe we have no very great Zealots here, nor I hope no Atheists; but as to Religion let's wave the Discourse at present, and I'll give you a Song will suit us all I believe:

A I R VII. O what Pleasure will abound

*For Parties and Factions we lay all aside,
No Zealots we are, nor Religion deride;
But in Friendship we
Do combine and agree,*

And

[15]

*And follow the Thing that is right.
Then take off your Glass,
And round let it pass,
So wish one another Good Night.*

4. *Cit.* Indeed I think 'tis almost Time,
and Club-Hours are over.

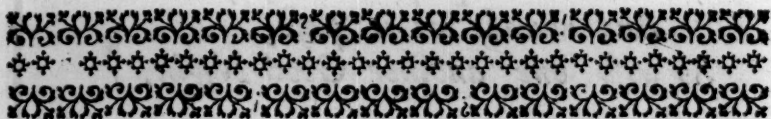
Omnes. 'Tis good Advice.

*[They rise, take their Hats, and severally
Exeunt.]*

The End of the First Act.



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

The King's-Arms Tavern, Pall-Mall.

*Sir Positive Skreenall, Sir William Old,
Lord Challenge, with three Friends.*

POSITIVE.

GENTLEMEN, we are now got together to consult our own Interests, and carefully to watch the Motions of all those who, for private Ends, attempt Innovations, and run the Hazard of dissolving the best framed State upon Earth.

W. Old. Sir *Positive*, I think you're in the Right, to take Care betimes to secure your self and us ; for what are we without you ? You are the Sun we adore, and should you be eclipsed, certainly we, your faithful Friends, must share your Fate.

Pos. I know no better way than to make some Thousands fly : What do they signify if we carry our Point, the Reimbursement is easy ; 'tis but clapping them under the
Articles

Articles of Secret Services, and then I'm safe.

W. Old. 'Tis Gold is the grand Perswasive in all Elections; the last cost a great deal of Money, but I'm afraid we must double it now, because a great many, who were our Friends before without being brib'd, have found our Designs now, and must be brought about whatever it costs. Therefore, Sir *Positive*,

A I R VIII. I'll face ev'ry Danger, &c.

*If you'd take my Advice,
You must part with your Gold,
And not be too precise
With the young or the old.*

*You must affable be
To each Clodpole you meet;
With the Gold you will see,
They friendly will treat.*

*Nay; whatever they ask
You must not deny:
It is not a hard Task,
For I know you can lie.*

Pos. Your Advice must and shall be followed. — I'll not lose the Day, I'd rather lose my Head.

W. Old.

W. Old. You need not doubt but one will soon follow the other, and if the Majority is against us, Impeachments will soon come on, so that, Sir, this is the critical Time you will either stand or fall.

Chal. Had my Arm been lucky when I fought *Worthy*, and had sent him to the Grave, we should have been rid of a potent Enemy, but Fortune was of his Side.

AIR IX. Glide swiftly on those silver Streams

*Oh! Curse the Day I miss'd my Aim;
Haa Worthy then but dy'd,
I'd not been found at all to blame,
If Jury had me try'd.*

*But been promoted for the Deed,
For standing up so true:
You Honours then wou'd have decreed,
[To Sir Positive.
For so much serving you.*

Pos. My Friends may depend always on having their Services rewarded; and as for those who won't comply with my Humour, and obey my Commands, must turn out: I have Power and will execute it.

AIR X. Mother, quoth *Hodge*, &c.

*Have I not Troops and Gold at Command?
Pray how can a Mob their Power withstand?
Their Pens may be us'd their Libels to write,
Tho' they have they Will the Beggars can't
Fight.*

'Tis true, they have Reason for it, because
I've the Army o' my Side, and will keep
it so too. Whatever Officer disoblige me
his Post is gone: I'll garble the Army to
my own Mind.

W. Old. Boldly spoke and like yourself—
If a Town disoblige us we'll plague them
with Soldiers, and they being wink'd at
by their Officers, won't be long a ruining
a Country Town.

Pos. I have made Places feel my Resent-
ment that way, till I've been quite tir'd
with Petitions; and then with a Promise
of their Votes I have vouchsafed to with-
draw my red Caterpillars.

Chal. Can no-body here give any Advice
which may promote the Cause?

W. Old. Yes, Sir, which is this; by
letting me have a pretty round Sum to
spend in the Country, make the Country
Fellows drunk, and get their Votes for such
Members as are fit for our Purpose.

Pos.

Pos. We will disperse Emissaries every where, for now is the Time.—Let's adjourn to the T-----y, and issue out proper Sums for our Purpose. *[Rises.]*

A I R XI. A Damsel I'm told.

*Then Gold fly about,
And make such a Rout,
To frighten the M——s dissenting :
They won't long debate,
Will all think to be great,
And strive who shall first be consenting.*

S C E N E II.

Several Ladies at a Tea-Table.

1. *La.* So Ladies, What no News stirring ? no Scandal, no Politicks, nor any Thing to divert the Spleen ?

2. *La.* Yes ; this new-fashion'd Colour, makes the most Noise I think of any thing.

[Pointing to some Ribbon on her Breast.]

3. *La.* You are too blame to wear it, Madam, for I believe a certain Lady at Court is not so fond of the Colour as you may imagine, for I am inform'd, that her Tongue will be forc'd to give her Heart the Lye.

4. *La.*

4. *La.* Indeed, Madam, I was told the same by a certain Dutchess, very familiar with the young Lady, and that she can't see an *Orange* without changing Colour.

1. *La.* Poor Lady! I pity her. Not many Years ago, I'll assure you, (for it was within my Remembrance) another Lady, in a very high Station, was forc'd to marry a Relation of this same *Orange Merchant* fore against her Will. There is a very moving Song made on that Subject--my Daughter can sing it.

All. O pray, Madam, let us beg the Favour of the young Lady to sing it.

1. *La.* Will you sing it, my Dear?

Y. La. Yes, to be sure, if you command, and I've such an Opportunity to oblige these Ladies.

A I R XII. Believe my Sighs, my Tears!

*Sad Musidora; all in Woe,
A silent Grotto seeks;
No more herself on Plains to show,
But sighing thus she speaks.*

*Why was I born of high Degree?
An humble Shepherdess,
Had been happier far for me,
Than all this gaudy Dress.*

*A sumptuous Palace full of Joy,
To me a Dungeon is,
Whilst all that Mirth does me annoy,
Which others count a Bliss.*

*Thus wrapt in Grief, the lovely Maid
Retir'd from all the Throng,
And on a Bank reclin'd her Head,
Whilst Tears ran trickling down.*

3. *La.* 'Tis a pretty Song, and Miss sings it very well.

2. *La.* 'Tis very hard a young Lady should be sacrificed: But so it must be it seems. This is the Contrivance of a projecting, blundering Fellow, one Sir *Positive Skreenall*; d'ye know him, Ladies?

1. *La.* To be sure, we all do. Why the Fellow's remarkable enough; I know his slovenly Brother too, who was sent to *France* for Education, but returned as great a Blockhead as he went.

2. *La.* This Sir *Positive* is as bad to the Men as to the Women; he endeavour'd to force his Master's Tenants to take a bitter Pill, but they found him out to be a *Quack*, so would not swallow it. The old Fool had like to have had his Brains knocked out.

1. *Lv.*

1. *La.* You are mistaken, Madam, his Brains was in no Danger, but a hard Blow might have hit off his Horns; for 'tis currently reported, he has as large a Pair of Brow-Antlers, as any Man in *England*. His Lady has got four Lines by Heart, which she often sings in her Justification she says.

A I R XIII. Cease to perswade or say, &c.

*For Females oft have not the Power,
To give a flat Denial;
When in a gay unguarded Hour,
They're fairly put to Tryal.*

That is, Ladies, when the *Citron-Water* has overcome her, these she calls her unguarded Hours.

2. *La.* So unguarded they are, that I have been told, the Master's Place has often been supply'd by the Footman.

3. *La.* Pray, how does Sir *Positive* bear it?

2. *La.* Very patiently, Madam, I assure you, knowing he can't help himself; but he's up with her, for he keeps a Miss or two.

3. *La.* He keep a Mistress: Ha, ha, he.

2. *La.* I assure you, Madam, 'twas not long ago he was down at *Tunbridge*, where

a Lady fell, or pretended to fall, in Love with him, and sent him a poetical Letter, which is since set to Musick I'll sing it to you.

A I R XIV. *Bacchus* one Day gaily striding.

*Dear Strephon, prevent my own Blushes,
For how can I speak without Pain?
My Eyes have oft told you my Wishes;
Oh! can't you the Meaning explain.
My Passion wou'd lose by Expression,
And you too wou'd cruelly blame;
Then don't you expect a Confession,
Of what is too tender to Name.*

*Since yours is the Province of Speaking,
How can you then hope it from me?
Our Wishes shou'd be in our keeping,
Till you tell us what they shou'd be:
Then quickly, why don't you discover?
Does your Heart feel such Torments as
mine?
I need not tell over and over,
What I in my Breast do confine.*

4. *La.* It's really very loving : Pray what was the Answer return'd ?

2. *La.* I'm afraid I shall be too troublesome, or else I wou'd repeat them.

1. *La.* O no ; dear Madam let's hear it ?

A I R

A I R XV. *At Winchester there was, &c.*

*Good Madam, when Ladies are willing,
A Man must needs look like a Fool;
For me I wou'd not give a Shilling,
For one who can live out of Rule:
At least you might stay for my Offers,
Not snatch like old Maids in Despair;
If you've liv'd to those Tears without Proffers,
Your Sighs are now lost in the Air.*

*You should leave us to guess by your Blushing,
And not speak the Matter so plain;
'Tis ours to write and be pushing,
'Tis yours to affect a disdain:
That you're in a terrible taking,
By all your sweet Ogling, I see;
But the Fruit that will fall without shaking,
Indeed is too mellow for me.*

3. *La.* Very blunt truly; and I must needs say, I think not much Courtier like.

4. *La.* No indeed: But let's leave the old Fellow to himself, and think a little what Time o' th' Day 'tis.

2. *La.* I thank you for putting me in mind, for I must get home to dress; I'm invited to dine with Lady *Shamble* at her Lodgings.

I. *La.*

1. *La.* What Sir *John's* Lady ? Sir *John* is a Member, and voted for the late *Excise-Bill*, that made such a Noise.

2. *La.* Yes ; and he is come up to Sir *Positive* for Instructions how to behave in the next Election, for he's afraid he shall be turn'd out.

3. *La.* No matter. But we'll not detain you now, when we see you next, we shall expect your Afternoon's Conversation with Lady *Shamble*, for, no doubt, you'll have wherewithal to entertain us with something very diverting.

2. *La.* I doubt it not, for she is very talkative, and full of Politicks, and I'll assure you I'll carry my best retentive Faculty with me, that I may bring you home as much as possible.

1. *La.* We thank you, and take our Leaves.

Omnes. Your humble Servant, Madam ;
your humble Servant.

The End of the Second A C T.



A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

Alderman Custom's House.

*Sir John Stedfast, Alderman Custom, and
several Merchants bowing, one of them
speaking to Sir. John and the Alderman.*

GENTLEMEN, I am ordered, and deputed, in the Name of the collective Body of the People of this City, to return you their Thanks, for the indefatigable Care and Industry to defeat the pernicious Designs of an over-bearing Ministry.

Sted. Gentlemen, we are heartily glad our Behaviour proves so acceptable to you, and you may depend upon our due Regard for those Liberties you have intrusted us with. Our Reasons were, that every Addition of Taxes, paid by the People to the Crown, diminish the Riches and Power of the People ; and that every new Levy, and Increase of Officers, add likewise to the Power of the Crown, and the Influence of the Crown over the Representatives of the People, even in the Election
of

of our Representatives ; and it will be a dismal Thing for a Nation to be enslaved by those very Persons who are stiled *The Guardians of our Liberties*: We thank our Fellow-Citizens for the Honour they have done us by this Deputation.

[*Exeunt Merchants.*

Cust. Pray, Sir, What may your Opinion be of the ensuing Election.

Sted. My real Opinion is, there will be the greatest Struggle that has been known these many Years ; and instead of having the N——'s Money manag'd with Frugality, I suppose it will fly, if possible, to preserve a tott'ring M——r.

Cust. I hope the Freeholders of *Great-Britain* will this Time choose according to the Dictates of their Consciences, and not be brib'd to choose Court-Favourites, especially at this Time, when their Liberties have been so openly attack'd.

Sted. Ay, now is their Time ; and as they have such an Opportunity but once in seven Years, I hope they will make good Use on't.

A I R XVI. Now ponder well, &c

*Now ponder well, Freeholders dear,
And think what B-b has done ;
Choose now your Members with a Care,
Becoming Britain's Son's.*

Pray

*Pray take no Bribes to sell your Rights,
By your Forefathers bought,
With so much Blood in many Fights,
By Magna Charta taught.*

*Exert yourself, let Conscience rule,
And Wisdom be your Guide ;
You'll not send up a Courtier's Tool,
In whom you can't confide.*

Cust. Come, I hope the People's Eyes are a little opened, and that they won't be represented by a Pack of Officers and Pensioners, whose only Recomendations are a lac'd Coat and Ex-----r Gold.

Sted. What a Noise the Creatures made at *Norwich, Exeter*, and two or three more Places, by their Dependants, and a hir'd Mob to Huzza 'em for a Day or two: I think it is a Sign they believe themselves sinking, and are willing to make what Show they can, like some People who are going to Break, who beautify their Houses in order to draw People in by their outside Show to give them further Credit.

Cust. 'Tis their last Shift.

*A Man that is drowning will catch at a Straw ;
An old hardned Thief ne'er thinks of the Law,
Till he's catch'd in the Fact, as will be Sir B.—
Then the Judges ordain old Tyburn its Due.*

E

And

And the sooner the better, or else by his Politicks our boasted Land of Liberty will be in a worse Condition than ever the Arbitrary Kingdom of *France*, or, perhaps, any Nation in the World.

Sted. A Minister is like a *Candle* in the Hands of his Master, who if he has no farther Occasion for it immediately applies an Extinguisher, and it may so happen to the present M-----r.

A I R. XVII. O *London* is a fine Town.

*Thus Fortune's Wheel
Is on the reel,
We all love climbing up,
But if we fall,
'Tis worse for all,
Who're nighest to the Top.*

Cust. In a Moment we're gone: 'Tis in vain to cast up our Gains when we run very great Hazards.---I believe that old Saying to be true, That Fortune is blind because she has a blind Fool sits so long at Top of her Wheel.

Sted. [*Looking on his Watch.*] Mr. *Alderman*, are you for *Change*?

Cust. Yes, Sir; and I will accompany you thither. Here, *Tom*; order the Chariot to the Door.

Sted.

Sted. That sticks in Sir *Positive Skreenall's* Stomack, that we *Sturdy Beggars* should have Coaches; he can't bear to see any of us in them.

Cust. I hope in a short Time to see him in a Cart. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Sir Positive Skreenall, Sir William Old, Lord Challenge, and Harry Foolish.

Pos. Well, Sir *William*, how go Affairs in the *West*?

W. Old. Really, Sir, but poorly: I went to a Town where I have a small Manor, and some of my Tenants, who were in my Debt, accompanied me into it, where I treated as many as came; but in the midst of our Merriment, the Country Gentlemen came into the Town, and then all my Friends, except a few, left me, and the Mob was so irritated at my coming there, as they said, to buy their Votes, that I was forced to send to the Gentlemen, to beg them to appease the People, or my Brains had been knocked out.

Pos. Traytors! Jacobites! to use you so:

A I R

AIR XVIII. Fine Ladies with an artful &c.

*My Friend so serv'd, then I'm abus'd,
 Revenge I will pursue ;
 Sure Heaps of Gold won't be refus'd,
 But by a paltry few.*

*When fresh Septennial Power I've got,
 I'll scourge the saucy Slaves ;
 For Death shall be the Traytors Lot,
 Who thee, my Friend o'er-braves.*

W. Old. I have instanced your Friendship often, and thank you, Sir ; but to be plain, am in some Fear as to our Success. Don't spare for Money ; let's once buy the People and 'tis but Justice to sell them.

A I R XIX. Artifice all.

*And if they complain,
 You may with Disdain,
 Pulling out a Handful of Gold,
 Soon tell them that they
 Became all your Prey,
 Their Votes when the Freeholders sold.*

Pos. You need not at all doubt but when they've got my Chains on, I make them
 rattle

rattle 'em. ---- But pray, Lord *Challenge*,
how have you spent your Time?

Chal. At *Hampton-Court* amongst the Ladies, and sometimes with the People of Quality's Children, who all admire my Gold Key.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. *Smallacres* is without.

Pos. Desire him to walk in.

[Exit Servant.]

You know, Sir *William*, he has good Interest in the Country and but a small Estate, I'll try what a Place, Pension, or Bribe will do with him.

Enter Smallacres.

Smal. Gentlemen, your Servant.

Pos. Mr. *Smallacres*, there's no Man I'm more glad to see than you; pray how do your Lady and Family?

Smal. I hope pretty well, they are all in the Country.

Pos. At *Bath*, I suppose.

Smal. No, Sir; at my own Seat in the Country, I can't afford to carry my Family to such Places.

Pos. 'Tis Pity a Man of your Merit should not take the Diversions of Life; but 'tis your own Fault.

Smal.

Smal. I don't know what you mean, Sir.

W. Old. Why, Sir, as I take it, you vote sometimes on the wrong Side, which hinders Sir *Positive* from being so much your Friend as he could wish.

Smal. I vote always according to my Conscience, and as I think fit, for the good of my Country.

W. Old. But, Sir, you shou'd consider your own Good sometimes too.

Smal. That is so blended with my Country's, that I think they are inseparable, and I had rather be an honest Man of Seven Hundred a Year, than a Knave of Thousands.

Pos. Why your Estate is so small it will hardly afford you a Coach to go to the House.

Smal. Then, Sir, I'll e'en go on Foot; no honest Man will think the worse o' me.

Pos. Sir, I sent for you on purpose to do you Service, which is in my Power; I know you have good Interest in the Country, and hope you will employ it in my Favour, which if you do, a Place or Pension is at your Service, and as an Earnest of my future Intentions, please to accept of this Purse of Gold.

[*Smal.* rises and sings.

AIR XX. I wonder that Billy should be &c.

*Your Gold I'll assure you shall ne'er blind my
Eyes,*

*I'm not to be brib'd to vote for Excise ;
I'm firm to their Int'rests by whom I am sent,
I'll give them no Reason their Choice to re-
pent.*

*No Prejudice, Party, or Faction shall sway,
No Pension or Brib'ry me ever betray :
My Country I'll serve, and her Interest sup-
port,*

*Against all the Intrigues of Faction and Court ;
And hope no one Member will e'er be elected,
Who contrary acts, or has contrary acted.*

This is my Resolution, Sir ; and the next
Time you send for me, I desire it may be
on an honest Account, and so, Gentlemen,
I'll leave you together. [Exit.

Pos. What a Passion he is in. Well, he's
but one ; we must try further. Few of the
Cornish Boroughs are so honest as Mr. *Small-
acres's*.

W. Old. No, no, you need not doubt
their taking your Money at the first Offer.

Pos. So will the *Sco*— ones too ; though
two or three of their Members were *Sturdy*
last Sessions, which was something remark-
able.

Harry

Harry. They threaten to turn me out at *H---*d, because I did not vote of the same Side with my Brother, and what shall I do then to skreen myself from my Creditors.

Pos. I'll protect and skreen You. - - I must humour this Fool a little, because I like his Wife. [*Aside.*

Chal. As to me, who have taken Care by calling me up to the other House, for which my most humble Thanks attend your Honour.

Pos. Harry, Do you make haste to *Chelsea*, and get the House in Order.

Harry. Your Commands shall be obeyed, Sir.

Pos. Gentlemen, will you go with me; you know are we safe there : Lord *Challange* shall write an Answer to the last *Craftsman*, whilst you, Sir *William*, and I give him Instructions,

W. Old. and Chal. We are at your Command, Sir.

Pos. Let us go and rail at our Enemies, study to invade Properties, and destroy Liberty.

Then for my Deeds, Thousands shall sound my Fame,

And Millions, yet unborn shall curse my Name.

[*Exeunt.*

, SCENE

SCENE *the* Royal-Exchange.

Sir John Stedfast and Alderman Custom alighting out of a Chariot, who are quickly surrounded by Merchants and others.

Mob. No Excise, no Standing-Army, Liberty and Property.

1. *Cit.* God bless your *Honours*, you stood fast, you shall have my *Vote* and Interest next Election.

2. *Cit.* Ay, and mine too, and every-body's else, I hope, for if it had not been for these and some more honest Gentlemen we should not have been able to have smoak'd a Pipe in Peace.

3. *Cit.* Nor had a Bottle of Wine in our Houses without the leave of *Mr. Exciseman*.

4. *Cit.* No nor our *Wives* have had a secret Dram in their Closets.

5. *Cit.* No, nor a secret Place about them but what the strong back *Dogs* wou'd have endeavour'd to have gaug'd.

6. *Cit.* And so we honest *Citizens* should have had *Horns* grafted on by *Excisemen*. Down with the Excise. *Huzza, huzza.*

F

Enter

Enter Alderman Banker.

Cit. Make room there for the honest Alderman: What if a *naked Sword* was lately put over his *Shoulder*, it did not frighten him out of his honesty.

Alderman Banker, Sir John Stedfast, Alderman Custom meeting.

Bank. Brothers, I am glad to meet you here surrounded with so many of my Fellow-Citizens; I rejoice to see so many worthy Espousers of the *Cause of Liberty* about you, who seem well pleas'd with your late Conduct.

Merchants. And with yours too, *Sir*, for which our Thanks attend you, and we hope the *Citizens* will thank you at *Brentford*.

Bank. Gentlemen, I thank you, my Endeavours were always such as I thought agreeable to the good of my fellow-subjects and our excellent Constitution, which ought never to be infringed.

The Mob Hallow.) God bless the worthy *Alderman*, our late *Lord-Mayor*, and the glorious *Two Hundred and Five, Liberty! Property!*

Sted. I believe, Gentlemen, we had better adjourn to the *Swan Tavern* out of the *Crowd*.

Cust. With all our Hearts.

As they come out a Ballad-Singer gets on a Stool and sings the following Song.

AIR XXI.

*The Time draws near we plainly see,
For Englishmen to show,
That in their Veins true British Blood
Does yet unsullied flow.*

*'Tis true, thro' all this spacious Isle
Exchequer Bill do slide,
And Lords and Garter'd M——rs too
Now lay aside their Pride.*

*Like Courtiers too they all promise that
On each electing Member,
Mountains of favours they will heap
'Twixt this and next December.*

*But we'll ne'er more be drawn aside,
They now have made us wise Men;
And we'll have none us represent
Who favour new Excise Men.*

Exeunt.

SCENE a Room in the Swan Tavern.

Alderman Banker, Sir John Stedfast, Alderman Custom, and several Citizens at a Table.

i. *Cit* Gentlemen you that are members
to your healths; may you have the good
wishes

wishes of the present age, and the blessings
of posterity. [Drinks]

2. *Cit.* And may this city be always represented by such unbiased Patriots.

Sir John Stedfast. Gentlemen we thank you Here's prosperity to this noble *Metropolis*, not forgetting our late worthy *Lord-Mayor*, I think he exerted himself in a brave manner.

4 *Cit.* He did so indeed Sir, he's not for twisting the *Laws*, and punishing people for *Riots*, who only rejoiced when they escaped being made slaves off.

AIR XXII. Believe my Sighs, my Tears.

*Their Joy was just, it is confest.
And shown without disorder ;
An honest Jury, il'e assure you,
Valued no Re---er.*

*His charge they heard, but never fear'd.
Would not present for Riot,
Those who oppose, Great Britains foes,
And leave the Merchant quiet.*

2. *Cit* Had the *Scheme* succeeded there would not have been a private house in the
Kingdom

Kingdom, but every door must have flew open to a *Gauging stick*.

3 *Cit.* And then we should have nothing to do but to build a Bridge from *Dover* to *Calais*, for the conveniency of being joyned to our *Fellow slaves the French*.

4 *Cit.* But a certain *Quack-Doctor* would endeavour to perswade us, that it was for our healths, because by his prescription the *Vintners* would have been hindred from adulterating their Wines.

A I R XXIII. My Time O ye *Muses*, &c.

*His pills, though gilded, withal would not pass,
Th' ingredients were known the Quack was
an Ass,*

Much he pretended to keep us in health.

*He only design'd to pilfer our wealth:
He talk'd, and harang'd, but all would not do,
The Colledge found out his Drugs were not
true.*

Alderman Banker. I believe the *Projector* never tried his strength so much before; Intreaties, threats, promises, places, and preferments were used to every one, and yet at last the consideration of the *Scheme* was at his own request put off to a long day, and I dare swear he never will revive it again.

Alderman Custom. Not if he has three grains of sense left. What man would put a burden upon a horse he is sure will throw it off again, and trample him to death for it.

A I R

A I R, XXIV. Ye fair injur'd Nymphs and ye
Beau's who deride 'em.

*Ye Courtiers who sell us, and bribes do receive,
Attend to my song, for you may me believe,
The Knight in a pet with the jest went too far,
The Citizens thwarted and put in a Bar.*

*Against his Designs it was just sure to fence,
And not to be blinded with any pretence ;
He thought by his Scheme, to bring Citizens down
By picking our Pockets was filling his own.*

*Tho' Beggars and Sturdy we carry'd the Day;
We valu'd no Places nor Pensioners Pay.
Petition was heard we back'd it with Reason
Sir Bluestring's a Rogue and that is no Treason.*

1. *Cit.* I think the nation ought to commemorate the glorious 205, and a day set apart for a public festival.

2. *Cit.* Posterity will surely bless us for the noble stand, tho' we are deviated from our forefathers in some points of liberty and property, yet we do not readily submit to all the yokes of slavery offered to us.

A I R XXV. Maidens beware ye, &c.

*In Oliver's Days,
Be't spoke to his praise,
The Merchants were strangers to fears ;
Ships travers'd the main,
Return'd safe again,
And Sailors came home with their Ears.*

3 *Cit.* Setting his usurpation aside; he certainly was a great man: if I am rightly informed, all the misfortunes of *King Charles's* reign took their rise from an illegal demand of some ship-money.

Cit.

4. *Cit.* My Lord *Strafford* then *Prime Minister* lost his head for advising his master to violent measures.

A I R XXVI. Which nobody can deny, &c.

*And Somebody else before he's aware,
May have his head fix'd upon Temple Bar,
Tho' now he's adorn'd with a Ribbon and Star.
Which nobody can deny.*

*The Londoners all will flock to the fight,
Viewing the Head of an all screening K——
Who blundering always, was ne'er in the right.
Which nobody can deny.*

1. *Cit.* I don't at all doubt but one day or other, we shall have ample revenge on the man, who dared treat a large body of eminent traders after the manner he did.--- But every dog has his day and punishment tho' late will certainly be his fortune.

A I R XXVII. O the Pleasure, &c.

*Tho' now on high,
We him espy,
His fall will be more great ;
Unpity'd he,
By all will be,
He well deserves such Fate.*

2. *Cit.* Then all his minions and pensioners will abandon him, and they'll be some of the first to deride him.

4. *Cit.* How can he expect otherwise? his pensioners are like the *Swiss* who take the side of those who pay them most, valuing not the justice or injustice of the cause, but like *Persians* adore the rising sun.

A I R

AIR XXVIII. The World is a Lottery what
man can doubt.

*The thing that will keep Sir Blue in his Place,
And for a small time keep of his Disgrace,
Is parting with Gold, to those who are poor,
Titles at present the rich will secure;
But his Pow'r once gone, they value him not,
Pensions and favours will all be forgot.*

Sir John Stedfast. I think Gentlemen we
have had a compleat victory, at present our
antagonists are ashamed of their actions and
fear to see the fares of the people they re-
present very well knowing how much they
are irritated against them.

*'Tis those alone who do on brib'ry doat,
Stick at no money to obtain a Vote,
Well knowing how the money to regain,
Places and Pensions soon at C — obtain.
Luxurious live, and quite devoid of Sense,
Are kept like Souldiers at a great expence:
Like them they march, or halt, present, or fire,
Just as their lordly Master does require.
One by the Mouths of roaring Cannon speak,
But those by Voting make their Country weak:
From their own Mouths our Ruin they declare,
Then from complaining who can well forbear?
Trade had been ruin'd had Excise took place,
And brought the Merchants into great disgrace,
Egyptian Taskmasters would then have been,
In Troops, and Shoals, about our houses seen,
That were French slaves no one as yet can say,
We've stemm'd the Tide of one important day:
Let all who're here, and do their country prize,
Soon in the cause of Liberty arise,
And mark Promoters of the late Excise.*

F I N I S.

